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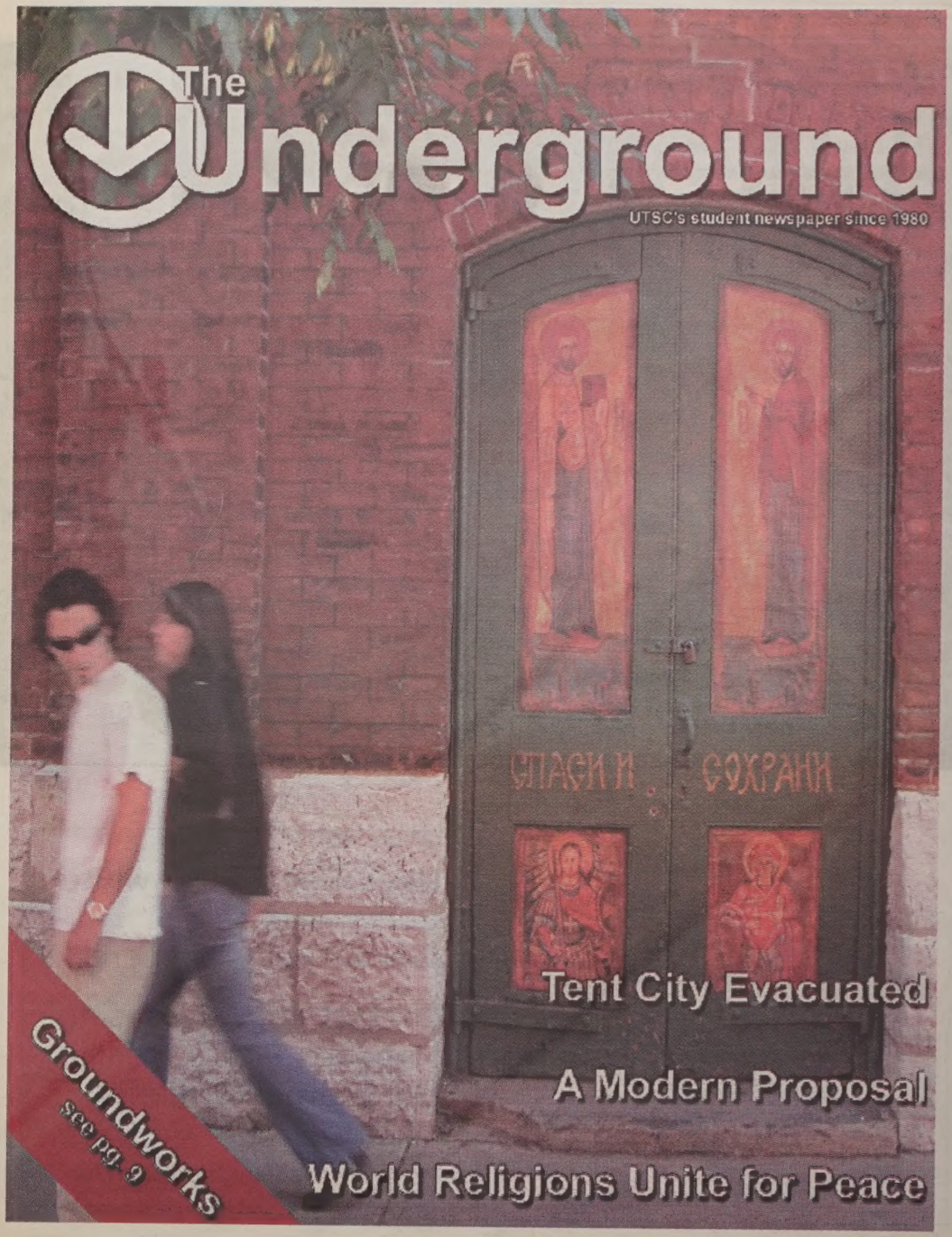
The Underground

UTSC's student newspaper since 1980



Tent City Evacuated

A Modern Proposal

World Religions Unite for Peace

Groundworks

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editorial

As I "rode the rocket" to UTSC this morning, I managed to read most of last Saturday's Globe and Mail. (Yes, my commute is that long.) I had art on my mind, having just left an Aesthetics lecture on the St. George campus and when I came across Heather Mallick's column, *As If*, I was given pause.

The premise was this: Americans do not understand modern art. Americans do not like things that they do not understand. Conclusion: Americans do not like modern art.

This was not, perhaps, the most politically correct logical equation, but it seemed plausible. The majority of Americans might, indeed, not understand or enjoy modern art; God knows it isn't always easy.

But what troubled me more than the Globe Columnists declarations about the aesthetic ignorance of our neighbours to the south, was that I learned that some works of art had been withdrawn from galleries and exhibitions, in New York and across the United States, because of public outrage. And the public was not outraged that the pieces were too abstract or incomprehensible or anything like that. They were too real.

Two sculptures that made reference to bodies falling from the World Trade Center have been "hauled away", because New Yorkers found them offensive. Eric Fischl's *Tumbling Woman* was the first to go and Sharon Paz's window display of falling paper silhouettes was next. I was left wondering: Was it too real? Are we to ban all images of persons falling, lest we be reminded of the WTC tragedy again and again? Is it necessary to keep these images hidden away? And is it healthy to refuse to come to terms with the reality of all those who fell from the Twin Towers in the moments before they came down?

A little more research enlightened my point of view. Many people continue to be unaware (I certainly was) that the television cameras were turned off, or away, during the most gruesome moments of the tragedy. The rest of North America was not witness to thousands of bodies raining down into the streets of New York; New Yorkers, on the other hand, could not escape it. If we had been subject to so terrible a reality, we might not be prepared to deal with art (no matter how important its creators feel it is) that hits so close to reality. As television producers made the decision not to broadcast the more horrific scenes of 9/11, those of us who were far from New York to begin with became even farther removed.

I say, let New York send those sculptures and installations away... Send them to other cities, where the people don't know what to grieve for. The art is not diminished in importance for having been too evocative for one traumatized city. The rest of North America (maybe even the world) should embrace these terrifying creations as a bridge we can use to empathise with New York. Where our reality was censored, art will fill the gaps in our experience.

Chris McKinnon

"The intelligent man finds almost everything ridiculous, the sensible man hardly anything."
- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 - 1832)

letters

I'm a first year student and given the fact that i still can't tell where one wing begins and the other ends...except for the occasional sign on wall somewhere. I missed the chance to plead my case as a potential writer for this rag...which is really hilarious except for apologies that have filled this weeks issue. I think if you';ve got something to say...say it..regardless of who it offends. That is why i am laying myself at your wise feet and asking for the chance to submit a column for this paper. If you could get back to me either way, i'd appreciate it.

Brandi B.

What do you think readers? She missed the tongue-in-cheekedness of our retractions and apologies; and we wonder if she missed our exceptionally clever "joke>" tags attached to articles where a sense of humour might have been useful... Should we give her a column? The Editorial Board is sitting on the fence for this one.

Weekly Haiku

by Sachin Hingoo

Listen, Nickelback
You know you sound like Pearl Jam
Go back to Russia.

Hate our guts? Wish we were dead?

Send any opinions or letters to the editor to:

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or email undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca with "Opinion" or "Letter to the Editor" in the subject line.

(By the way, we're total masochists; we'll print whatever you send us.)

opinions

Bite Me UTSC: A Modern Proposal

Frog In My Throat

Merika I. Ramundo

For Preventing the Children of the University of Toronto Scarborough Campus (native of Scarborough or otherwise adopted through application) from Becoming Social, Political and Sexual Burdens to their Professors, Parents or Country and for Making them Beneficial to the Public.

It is a melancholy thing to those who walk through these hallways or travel in Scarberia, when they behold the streets, the roads, and the portables, crowded with beggars of the bookstore, followed by three, four, or six thousand students, all in rags and importuning every passenger for a library book. These students, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in begging sustenance for their helpless appetites: who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of anything un-Aramark, or leave their dear native suburb to fight for the Chancellor at Hart House, or sell themselves to the fast food chains of the Eaton Centre food court.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of students in the heroin-ridden arms, or on the hairy back, or at the stiletto heels of mother red tape, and frequently of father bureaucracy, is, in the present deplorable state of the Queendom, a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these students sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have her commemorative moose set up, monument to a preserver of the beaver and the rhythm nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the students of professed Scarlem; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of students at a certain age who are born of parents of OSAP in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity by the squeegee.

As for my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of other student unions, I have found them to be grossly mistaken in their computations. It is true, a student dropped from the fourth floor S-Wing into The Meeting Place might be supported by the main floor entourage of credit card and cd selling stalls, with little other nourishment; and it is exactly at 19 years of age that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their Principal or RA, or wanting for crack and Oprah for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the social schema.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary migrations, and that horrid practice of drinking alone with no pub, alas! too frequent among us!

The number of souls in this valley being usually reckoned near 6,000 (and still double-cohorting), of these I calculate there may be about 4,000 whose lives are mundane; from which number I subtract nil who are able to maintain their own social sanity on campus (except perhaps those Drama people); but this being granted, there will remain 3,998 social outcasts. I again subtract 2, maybe three for those who work at CSCR, or whose volunteerism at The Underground may provide a fleeting glee. Thus there remains only 3,995 students suffering such social deprivation. The question, therefore, is how this number shall be reared and provided for? I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in toga parties or fraternities; we neither have a fully operational pub, (I mean on-campus,) nor cultivate an atmosphere that is conducive to dancing and the general socialisation of young adults. It is true, they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by studying in the hallways.

I am assured by our administrators that a boy or a girl before graduation is no marketable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield more than minimum wage, or three frozen goats at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the tax man or landlord, the charge of a rib steak and a TTC bus pass having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowledgeable cannibal of my acquaintance in Markham, that an old, aging professor is a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a stimulating fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it for public consideration that of the hundreds aging professors already computed, twenty may be reserved for the retention of knowledge and experience, whereof only one-fourth part should be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle or swine; and my reason is, that these professor are seldom the fruits of marriage (because they have affairs), a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining professors be offered in the sale to the highest dot-com bidder throughout Scardom; always advising the students to let them teach plentifully in the last month, so as to render them overworked and underpaid for a good table. A philosophy professor, I am told, will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, a professor in Social Work will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that the ego of newly tenured professor will weigh 29 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to 50 pounds and so on and so on until they get old.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for the educational reformers, who, as they have already devoured most of the curriculum, seem to have the best title to the aging academic.

University lecturers' flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March; for we are told by a grave author (Sir Mix-a-lot), an eminent French physician (Monsieur Maladroit), that fish and students' exam anxieties being a prolific diet, there would be more aging professors made in Canada about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the St. Lawrence markets will be more glutted than usual.

I have already computed the charge of raising a horrible teacher to be about two shillings per annum, academic writings and publications included; and I believe no homie would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat calculus prof., which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the enterprising student will learn to be a good, well-rounded citizen, and grow popular among his peeps; the student will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till the school produces another professor ripe for the taking.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable leather aprons for those ladies who venture to late night romps at the Zen Lounge, and summer whips and gimp masks for fine gentlemen.

A very worthy person (Chris McKinnon, my editor), a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlepersons of this Queendom, having of late destroyed their fake i.d.'s, conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young inexperienced masters or doctoral students, not exceeding 40 years of age nor under 25; so great a number of both sexes in every university being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their students, should bring about a healthy profit. But with due deference to so excellent a Bill and Ted's adventure and so deserving of a Mickey Mouse watch, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my young acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our cheerleaders by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge of eating disorders. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submissiveness be a loss to the public, because they soon would become fetishists themselves; and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people (i.e. Hare Krishnas) might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended.

But in order to justify my editor, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous White-Out, a native of the island of PC, who came from thence to Scarborough nigh twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country where any professor happened to be put to death, the administration sold the carcass to persons of quality (Coca-Cola Inc.) as a prime rib; and that in his time the body of a plump archeologist, who was mummified for an attempt to poison the fossils at Jurassic Park, was sold to her Imperial Majesty's Prime Minister of State (Donald Trump), and other great mandarins (indeed, the fruit) of the court, in joints from the condo scaffolding, at four hundred pesos per kilo. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump old political science academics in this town, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of professors, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts as to what course may be taken to ease these "soul searchers" of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon

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opinions

Bite Me UTSC: A Modern Proposal - cont'd from page 5

that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by repetition and boredom, and grading and evaluations, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young professors, they are now in as hopeless a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently wither for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they would not have the strength to perform it.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are many and obviously of the highest importance.

Firstly, whereas the maintenance of hundreds of professors, from 40 years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a-piece per annum, the nation's woodstock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish (Cerebral Casserole) introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune (i.e. Mr. Lastman et co.) in the Queendom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among all students, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Secondly, the murdering student population, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their professors, will be rid of the charge of sleeping in class after the first lecture.

Thirdly, this food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the on-campus pub owners (students) will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their residence houses frequented by all the fine hotties, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skillful chef, who understands how to kick it with his guests, will contrive to make it as Naked as they please.

Fourthly, this would be a great inducement to watching The Simpsons, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. We should see an honest emulation among the professors' husbands and wives, which of them could bring the fattest academic to the market.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by the three wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy (as Sunday morning), and effectual. I desire those politicians (PQ separatists) who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the TAs of these professors, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to sell the old folk for food, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through, be it the oppression of the tutorial, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the bleakness of Pamela Anderson's VIP, nor the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my student body, by advancing our e-trade, providing for Barbified infants, relieving the Tent City poor, and giving some pleasure to the avant-riche. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; and my imagined boyfriend is a rock star.

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Tent City eviction sparks outrage

news

Home Depot's PR nightmare

Chris McKinnon
Editor in Chief

We really should have seen this coming... 110 people living in a shanty-village on the waterfront? What did they expect? What did we expect? *The Toronto Star* has been providing continuous coverage of the recent eviction of 110 otherwise homeless people who had been living on land owned by Home Depot. The eviction, which came as a surprise to many of the "Tent-City" residents, last Tuesday has provoked outrage from Torontonians at every end of the political spectrum.

"What really disgusts me is that Home Depot has no intention of building a store at that site. This is comparable to a 5-year-old screaming to get his/her toy back, and upon getting it back, throwing it in the garbage. "
-Irene Rundle, Mississauga, Sept. 25, on The Toronto Star's (On-line) ***Speak-Out*** *page.*

Some Torontonians feel that the slum-dwellers were wrongfully evicted and that Home Depot has a humanitarian responsibility to arrange for more appropriate housing for the citizens of Tent-City before bringing in a private security force to remove them from the land. Others disagree vehemently, claiming that those who inhabited the shanty-village were in the wrong, trespassing on private property.

What has resulted is a huge public relations debacle for Home Depot, and an angry mob of 110 homeless people. CityTV followed the mob to City Hall, where the Tent-Citizens demanded to speak to the mayor. They were refused access to City Hall by security guards, as any angry mob might be. Calls have been made to each of the city, Home Depot, and the provincial government to find a new place for these people to live; social service workers have been trying to place them in shelters and hostels.

There are few things that can provoke more stormy debate in Toronto than the issue of homelessness, shelters and government money. At the polar extremes of the argument lie those who would see the homeless fend for themselves, perhaps with some help from a social safety net to deal with drug addictions and find jobs and permanent housing; and then there are those that would see the citizens of Tent-City be funded publicly in their endeavour to build a small community on toxic, contaminated land without running water or electricity.

What many people seem to miss out on is the fact that the issue was never about whether or not Home Depot would evict these squatters; rather, the problem was about how to do it in a PR-friendly fashion. The land, contaminated as it was with lead and mercury, among other toxins, could simply not be developed into a permanent shanty-community for these individuals. Home Depot, the landowner, could not risk being liable for the health of 110 or so squatters. In fact, the squatters should be thankful that Home Depot did not move faster to have them removed. After two years of deliberating, the corporation has finally realised that there are no other options. It was nothing but fear of their current PR nightmare that caused them to hold out so long.

Public pressure to find alternative-housing for the squatters, and the municipal governments "pass-the-buck" game (where the city apparently promised, in November of 2000, to make arrangements to have Tent-City dismantled by January 2001,) made Home Depot hold back for almost two years. During that time, not one, but two babies were born in Tent-City and exposed to toxins that could easily leave them with serious disabilities in throughout their lives. There was an uproar when child protective services swept in to remove the babies from the site, as the crying mothers appealed to television audiences to help them keep their babies. The children are currently in foster-care. Now, the people of Tent-City are again appealing to television audiences to help them keep their homes...

Why don't the squatters take all their energy in fighting their eviction from land they don't own and apply it to getting jobs or housing or something productive?
-Chris Beale, Toronto, Sept. 25, on The Toronto Star's (On-line) ***Speak-Out*** *page.*

But keeping Tent-City is not an option and it never was. Home Depot's spokesperson claimed that the company made every effort to make an alternative housing arrangement for the squatters. Regardless of how accurate that statement is, the crux of the matter is that the well-being of the shanty-villagers was not Home Depot's responsibility. And while we might fault the company for allowing Tent-City to go on for so long, we certainly can't fault them for dismantling it. The only thing that kept it alive over the past two years was an ill-informed public opinion, and Home Depot's unwillingness to tarnish their reputation. Given this, we should really be unsurprised at the eviction, and even less surprised by the fact that the squatters were given no notice. This was not leased land. These people were not paying rent. There was no reason to give any notice of Tent-City's evacuation; it was certainly long overdue. If Home Depot had posted notice of the eviction, they might have been bogged down by the same public-outcry that had already prevented them from securing the site two years ago.

Home Depot may still be feeling the burn from bleeding-hearts the city over, but at least this way the squatters already gone. And they aren't likely to be back.

I think the Tent City dwellers, their few belongings and pets should have been relocated. Canada is a huge country, I am sure there is an acre or two somewhere? .....The tent city people are modern day hippies and add colour to this drab, grey city of Toronto.
-Karin Wiechmann, Toronto, Sept. 25, on The Toronto Star's (On-line) ***Speak-Out*** *page.*

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The Undefended Border:

TVO documentary series examines Canadian immigration

Keith Friedlander
Arts Editor

Last Wednesday saw the premiere of a TVO production called *The Undefended Border*; a three part documentary dealing specifically with the recent changes in attitude towards the policing of Canadian immigration. Part two will continue tonight at 10 pm.. Each part is an hour long and deals with a different aspect of our country's immigration controls. The first episode, Toughening Up, focused on the entry of immigrants into the country. Following the work of people at Pearson Airport and the Niagara border crossing, it gave some perspective on the dilemma of enforcing national security without becoming paranoid and accosting people's rights.

Providing a behind the scenes look at the ground-level work being done to monitor immigration, this documentary does not concern itself largely with the political or ethical issues that lie behind these realities. Rather, it lends the viewer insight on what kinds of cases are being dealt with on a daily basis, informing and shedding light on the events that go unnoticed by the public. It presents the tension and concerns of both the suspects and the immigration officers.

The documentary also showed some interesting details as to their procedures: The testing of passports, the interviewing of suspected threats and the work of police officers in investigating illegal businesses that guarantee foreigners importation to Canada.

Whether or not you will find any sympathy for either the border officers or the new immigrants is questionable, but you will certainly gain a better understanding of their respective positions. For instance last week's installment looks at the interviewing techniques used by border officers in trying to determine who is lying to get in and who is being truthful. It is hard determining the path of a person's life when you have little but their word and your gut feeling to act on.

Tonight they will be showing the second part, Immigration Task Force, which follows Immigration Investigators, and the ITF, a small branch of the RCMP, as they hunt for illegal immigrants in Toronto. Viewers may be surprised to see the level of organization and execution that goes into the pursuit of suspects, especially since the reputation of Toronto as a haven for illegal immigrants would have most believe that no such efforts are being made.

Next week the documentary will wrap up with part three: *The End of the Line*, which looks at the process of deportation. This section will continue to look at the police work in apprehending and investigating suspects and the process of passing judgment on whether or not they will be permitted to stay. It is interesting to see how different people react to their deportation. Some are deported within a few days of their arrest while others are able to draw out their court hearings for months. Most seem to take a surprisingly accepting attitude, either positively in adjusting to their change or in a sadder, fatalistic acceptance.

The documentary also provides the depressing statistics on the amount of back-logged refugee cases clogging the court system. With thousands of cases left unresolved, the amount of manpower portrayed in the documentaries seems insufficient for the task. Yet it seems most of the actual enforcers of immigration law are making fair progress. The real back log appears to come from the courts and the number of appeals cases. Many of the officers interviewed throughout seem to share a mind-set that the system is something that needs to be followed, and needs closer attention at the ground level.

What with all the debate that's gone back and forth between Canada and the U.S. about border security, it's interesting to see how things actually work along the security checks. In the end two thoughts remain well grounded after watching the hard work of the men and women guarding our borders. Firstly, when you live along the longest undefended border in the world, you'll never be able to maintain the level of security you'd like. Secondly, the expression of a person facing deportation from Canada makes one thankful not to be facing the same.

Planet in Focus brings out the spirit of film fests

Kevin Pighin

As a long time film buff championing independent films, I am relieved to now be able to turn on the TV and not hear anything about TIFF (the Toronto International Film Festival). This may seem strange, but the truth of the matter is that it has been a long time since TIFF has been a true film festival. A 'festival' is meant to give independent artists the chance to screen their work. 'Festivals' in their ideal form serve a very important function in this respect. They connect the art of film making to the public and negate the industry of film making, which is primarily concerned with profit. Since TIFF is so largely commercialized, so largely commodified, and, all things considered, just so large, financial responsibilities often outweigh artistic ones.

With this in mind it was with great anticipation that I awaited the opening of the 'Planet in Focus' film festival that kicked off last Wednesday with a screening of 'The Return of Navajo Boy' from acclaimed director Jeff Spitz. The film opened at Innis College and was a co-presentation of the Toronto International Environmental Film and Video Festival and Hot Docs Canadian International Documentary Festival groups. Both groups combined efforts to create 'Planet in Focus', a five day festival showing films that are not only insightful, artistic and dramatic, but that have actually contributed to social change.

'Return of Navajo Boy' chronicles a native community near a uranium mine. It was so powerful that it forced the U.S. Department of Justice and the Environmental Protection Agency to take action to rectify the situation occurring in that village.

37 more films promised the same level of insight, creativity, and power and included 12 Canadian Premiers, nine World Premiers, many talks, workshops, and other optional programming designed to engage the public, which often followed a screening. Of the many highlights, a talk from David Suzuki following the Gala presentation of 'Britannia Beach' at the Royal Cinema on Friday definitely topped my 'must attend' list, which brings me to my main point.

Not only is the quality of the films greater, but such festivals are also more accessible in terms of cost and ticket availability. Remember those lines for TIFF tickets? No problem here. Remember the cost? Not a problem either! Individual tickets were issued at each screening, and full programming information was available at www.planetinfocus.org. Where as the average cost for a single screening at the TIFF was around $15, a festival pass for 'Planet in Focus' is only $35.

Other upcoming Planet in Focus presentations include:

The Gleaners and I

Eye of the Tiger

Sky Light

Life and Lillies

groundworks

Welcome to ***Groundworks***.

We're proud to bring you the first ***Groundworks*** of the new school year. For those of you who don't know, ***Groundworks*** is the Underground's showcase for creative-writing. If you're an aspiring writer or poet (or just a hobbyist) and are looking for a chance to get your work printed, we'd love to help you. ***Groundworks*** isn't limited to poetry, we accept short fiction, and creative non-fiction.

Keep your eye on the Underground for an upcoming feature article where we'll look into the different creative writing outlets available here on campus. We'll be looking at the different clubs and classes available for anyone interested in developing their craft.

If you'd like to have your creative works printed in the Underground e-mail us at **undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca** to submit or call 416-287-7054 to inquire.

Christmas Before the Divorce

by Jen Croswell

Muffled anger travels through the vent like heat
from the grey concrete basement
the jail where my parents are locked
by their hate
I listen to every black word
typewritten in capital letters on the air in my room
held
by the same morbid
fascination that
makes
people
slow
down at
car accidents.
To stop myself
from looking at
that vent
which seems to be
the source of all
evil
I stare into
the knob of my bedpost
a shiny brass sphere of
false sunlight
in which a
distorted version of
me
is trapped,
her pupils dilated
with innocence
which was like some drug
that kept me high through childhood
and kept this pain away.
As I come down
I see the
pot boiling over and the
gifts in disguises
meant to mask
the truth
sitting under
the glare of those
cursed red and green spots
that cover up the
nakedness
of the tree
with deception.
And I try to print neatly and
make my bed and
I say to myself
to God
while watching the flickering lights of
sugar Christmas specials that dissolve
in my mouth, leaving a bitter aftertaste
I say to myself
to God
please
let them stay together
it may be hell but I am getting used to it.

when you're gone

by Cathy Tat

he lies next to her
but away
he doesn't see her thinking brows
her saliva-moistened lips
she's awake
this foam doesn't seem strong enough
to hold
the digits from the alarm clock
is telling him it's late
he can hear her breath
how he's lived for her breath

they met in a park
she found him lying in the grass
she in her large hat
hand bag under left arm
grasped with both hands
he felt this air

he opens his eyes
she's turned to him

she opens her mouth
it takes a moment
it always does

she doesn't see his clenched hands
starting to sweat
he realizes this
wipes it off
palm on chest, his shirt
he asks her
how do we do this?

she doesn't think of an answer
but a response

(what's the situation where are we and
who are we what are we looking for
where are we going)

would it be wrong
to be next to him
but closer now
and closer
[spring 2002]

midsummer for the overwhelmed pedestrian

by Cathy Tat

tranquility
the dead of the night
people with people with people on the street
the masses
what is going on here
not far from water
do you dare to jump in
[summer 2002]

feature

Religion and War:

My Third Wish Is For World Peace

Lionel Boodlal
Underground Staff

When one reviews the history of humanity, it seems that war is a vital part of its heritage, essentially shaping the course of the world and having far-reaching and long-lasting repercussions. Indeed, the superpower with which we share our border owes much of its [illegible] success to the last World War, which drove many great minds of the time to the West, and created an era of unequaled prosperity. So then we must ask ourselves: Is war necessary for the advancement of our global society, or is it really just inane violence that poorly substitutes for our inability to relate to our fellow man? The 22nd World Religions Conference convenes at the University of Waterloo on October 5th 2002 to uncover the answer.

Initiated by the Ahmadiyya Movement in Islam in May1981, the conference has tackled such issues as human rights; drug abuse; family values; racial, religious and cultural tolerance; and twice before, in October 1989, and again in October 1993, that of war and peace. The upcoming conference will be the 3rd of its nature, the theme of discussion being, "Achieving World Peace: What Religions Can Do."

Hadhrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Qadian India, the founder of the Ahmadiya Movement in 1889, believed that his Movement was " the embodiment of the benevolent message of all the World religions; peace, universal brotherhood and submission to the will of God." There is a strong belief in the power of religious interaction, with each denomination helping the others to widen their knowledge of God, bringing humans closer to achieving harmony with one another.

To this end the conference will host scholars from an encouragingly wide range of religions including Atheism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism, Islam, Native religions, Sikhism, Christianity and Islam. While many of these religions and philosophies may share similar doctrines, with benefits to be gained from all of them, one must critically consider the reality of these religions in the global scheme of things. Over the past decade, one would not be hard-pressed to find reports of religious conflicts resulting in profuse bloodshed and ghastly acts of violence. Take for instance the Protestant and Roman Catholic discord in Ireland, or the attenuated antagonism between Muslims and Hindus in Pakistan and India. These are all what we consider world religions with teachings of peace and love, yet when interpreted by the less than perfect human intellect, they apparently leave gaping loopholes to advocate violence toward each other. How much of an influence do religions actually have, then, if their followers choose to adhere to the doctrines on a basis of convenience?

While they offer magnanimous benefits, many of these religions have existed for centuries; still the bane of violence and war continues to rip ruthlessly through the fabric of society. Currently, the most conspicuous incidence of this is the self-righteous War on Terrorism. In a world where free markets and capitalism are quickly becoming the pillars of a new religion that looks to wealth and power as the ultimate deity, is there really any hope for established religions to overcome the seductive sounds of the world's smallest violin? The fact remains that despite being the most skillful orator, it is impossible to persuade someone if he/she refuses to listen. Even in Israel, where religion is closely tied to government, it seems that the former is put on the back burner in the interest of political prosperity.

In considering strategies of achieving world peace one can be sure that there will be no dearth of questions, and often answers will lie in the least likely of places. Maybe religion will hold the remedy for the seemingly innate tendency of man to wage war and settle differences in a macabre display of murder, mutilation and massacre. After all it only takes one pebble to perpetrate ripples throughout the entire pond. In any case, the primary task at hand would be to devise a way of bridging the gap between politics and religion, something which is enormously more difficult than perceived, in a society of science. Hopefully the World Religions Conference will be able to provide some answers to these questions or at least insight into the best approach toward achieving world peace.

Lionel Boodlal will be attending the World Religions Conference, this Saturday, October 5, to investigate further "what religions can do."

"For what can war but endless war still breed?"
- John Milton

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AS SEEN BY

du Maurier ARTS

reviews

8 women too many
or (hey, where's my gun?)

Film: ***8 Women***
Genre: Foreign Comedy/Mystery/Musical
Starring: **Catherine Deneuve, Isabelle Huppert, Emmanuelle Beart**
Director: Francois Ozon
Producer: Focus Features
Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

Morgan Idris Little

8 Women is many things. Its a unique film, a comedy, a story about a family, a period piece and even a musical. Sadly, its also two hours of my life I will never get back again. A French filmmaker, named Francois Ozon, decided it would be a good idea to adapt a play written by a French playwright, named Robert Thomas, who in the 1950s had himself in turn thought it would be a good idea to write a musical murder mystery about a piecemeal extended family construed of neurotic harpies and predatorial succubi. I think they were both wrong.

Murder mysteries are always a tricky business, especially the old style Agatha Christie-esque ones where a group of suspects are confined to a single environ while everyone suspects everyone else and someone sleuths away until the end credits are ready to roll. That's a difficult formula to make entertaining by itself and is normally best accomplished by a bunch of Brits working in the old masterpiece theatre style. Sadly Ozon and Thomas further complicated that potentially dull formula into something certainly agonizing by tossing out the English language and turning it into a musical. God help us all.

The cast itself however seemed to have a very good time. I'm glad someone did. Reading like a veritable who's who of French cinema, the ensemble, led by Catherine Deneuve and highlighted by Emmanuelle Beart (sexy french chick from *The Doors* and *Mission Impossible*, YUM!) are wasted on this instant classic. Sadly all musical films are instant classics in some form or another because there are so few of them. Given the absurdity of the contrived situation of 8 women, trapped by snow in a mansion in which one of them has presumably killed the husband/father of the piece, it is no wonder that so many of the performances in this film start out as masterful and quickly devolve into cartoonish folly.

This debacle is not aided by the lame choreography of the 'dancing' or the awkward blocking of the scenes. The dancing comes out of nowhere, in true musical, camp fashion and the actresses quickly butcher what was already haphazard and inconsistent choreography as they croon away. This should come as no surprise because let's face it, most of the cast aren't exactly spring chickens anymore and no doubt many a slipped disc plagued this production. The blocking was so terrible that it seemed to have been lifted directly from a stage production of a show. There was no scene in which I did not want to leap 'on stage' and move people about into semi-believable positions.

We are reminded time and time again that these women are actresses and not singers whenever they favour us with another tone-deaf show tune, this sort of thing gets tired when your ears start to bleed into your popcorn.

Perhaps my bias is one of language, although I did follow the action of the film (what there was of it) as well as I could and have in the past enjoyed French films, such as Brotherhood of the Wolf. Perhaps this movie needed more kung-fu knowing native Indians to put some annoying neurotic creatures through a few windows and into the tackily painted scenery beyond. I also frequently enjoy Chinese language films that don't send me away praying for merciful death.

Not even fascinating side-themes like incest and lesbianism could save this film from sucking. Strange since one seldom sees a problem that couldn't be saved by a little lesbianism. My father really digs Catherine DeNeuve; her onscreen kiss with another woman is frightening and humorous. The other observation I framed during this film that I can't seem to shake loose was the fact that all the French women in this piece have huge mouths! I will surely have bad dreams about big, French, toothy grins coming to eat me up.

The funniest moment of the film is when a melancholy husband blows off his own head rather than hear another thing from the 8 tempestuous women plaguing his life. This is bittersweet however, but at that point in the film you have already been fantasizing about your own death and it seems unfair that he gets to go and you don't. *8 Women* is possibly the finest French device of terror since the guillotine.

Mesmerizing Mile

Film: ***Moonlight Mile***
Genre: Romance
Starring: **Jake Gyllenhaal, Dustin Hoffman, Susan Sarandon**
Director: Brad Siberling
Producer: Touchstone Pictures
Rating: ★★★★☆

Christian Lucier

I can honestly say that I see big things happening for this picture. I am talking Oscar nods, maybe even Oscar take-homes. *Moonlight Mile* is a magnificent tale of one young man's trials and tribulations in maturing into his true self. Seeing this movie is time well spent. Not only does the plot keep unfolding right until the end of the picture, but the performances are authentic and the soundtrack kicks ass! It was bloody well time a movie of this caliber was released in the theatres. Most importantly though, I am delighted to say that Russell Crowe is not in it.

The plot in *Moonlight Mile* is pretty damn creative. Joe Nast (Jake Gyllenhaal) is at a bit of a crossroad. His fiancée Diana Floss (Careena Melia) has recently been murdered and he quickly becomes a pillar of strength for Diana's parents, Ben (Dustin Hoffman) and Jojo Floss (Susan Sarandon). Ben and Jojo take Joe into the family, without his consent, and Joe embarks on a life with the Flosses. However, Joe knows a lot more about Diana then we wants to let her family in on and these secrets are brilliantly revealed through the rest of the movie.

The performances in *Moonlight Mile* are phenomenal. Dustin Hoffman plays the role of the disgruntled father to a tee. His frustration towards his daughter's death painfully screams out at the viewer. The scene where Hoffman visits the restaurant where his daughter was murdered, in particular, is incredibly emotional. To see Hoffman ask the waitress which stool his daughter was sitting at when she was shot and killed really pulls the old heartstrings. Hoffman also has great chemistry with newcomer Jake Gyllenhaal. The two shine during the beginning stages of their awkward bumbling father/son relationship. I haven't seen Susan Sarandon perform with such enthusiasm since *Dead Man Walking*. Her take on the new age, cool, "totally with it" Mom is completely genuine. Sarandon manages to portray courage and strength, and is still able to subtly deliver signs of weakness and despair. Good show. Most important though, is the performance of Jake Gyllenhaal. It is nice to see a young actor give a performance that comes off so naturally. Jake Gyllenhaal is Joe Nast. He looks, acts, and carries himself as a young man who cannot come to terms with the world; a man who is incapable of making choices on his own, a flaw which inhibits him from finding his true destination. Keep an eye out for Gyllenhaal.

Moonlight Mile is worth the ten bucks. It is one of those dysfunctional family movies where the characters hit rock bottom, but then manage to overcome their hardships. A lot of thought when into this flick, from the awesome soundtrack, with the killer song "Moonlight Mile" by the Stones, to the family dog Nixon and his battles with feline nemesis Fay Ray. Hoffman, Sarandon, and Gyllenhaal will all probably be taken into consideration for Academy Awards, as movies like this one don't come around that often. Not only does *Moonlight Mile* have something to say, but also it has its own way of saying it. Bottom line: Mesmerizing Mile.

life

Village Watch Program

A co-operative effort by UTSC Police and Residence Advisors is underway to revitalize UTSC's Village Watch Program. This program is very similar to the Neighbourhood Watch Program used in city communities.

On duty Residence Advisors and UTSC Police Officers will conduct regular patrols of the residence blocks. Any suspicious or unsafe activities will be reported and investigated immediately.

Personal safety and property security will be the focus of this program; residence security issues will be addressed through this forum. Any incidents will be advertised to each resident by information forms circulated by the Police Service through the RA's. The UTSC Student Crime Stoppers Program will also be promoted as a means for hesitant residents to report information.

This program will also promote crime prevention. Security concerns would be brought to the attention of residents on a continuous basis. Safety concerns, crimes in progress and emergencies should be reported immediately. An expanded Operation Identification Program will be advertised. Engravers will be available from the Residence office and the UTSC Police office to all residents to mark and record their valuables.

In October, UTSC Police will conduct introductory door to door visits to all residents to introduce themselves and the program, and to distribute the *Guide to UTSC Police Services and Community Partnership Programs*. It is our hope that throughout the year, House, Hall, and Village meetings can be held to discuss safety and security issues as they arise. Topics to be addressed will include: Residence security, personal safety, parking and driving at UTSC, alcohol and drug issues, and relationship issues as well as the many programs that UTSC Police Services offer. Meetings concerning serious safety issues will be organized through a cooperative effort by the RA's and UTSC Police Services. If residents would like an Officer to speak to a small or large group on any related issue, please contact either Cpl. Chris Moy and Cst. Susie Jovanovic at 416-287-7398 or in cases of emergency 416-287-7333.

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Villagers in Wonderland

Geoff Micks
Life Editor

Nine in the a.m. on a Saturday is usually a time of peaceful slumber in UTSC's residences, oftentimes assisted by generous quantities of alcohol consumed the night prior. So, it was a bit surprising to look at the front of the Student Village Centre and see a large crowd of students gathering. The students stood sullen and cold, eager to get to Paramount Canada's Wonderland, but wondering if the buses would ever arrive. There was some confusion as to the departure time, namely that the advertised time was set thirty minutes early to ensure everyone arrived on-time. Chris Warmington, a first year computer science student, was particularly outraged at the trickery, saying, "Jesus Christ, I could have had another half hour of sleep."

Sensing the crowd's concern, Residence Advisor Dan Savoie announced, "We're leaving in T minus five minutes. We're just waiting for the last stragglers to come in. After that, if they don't show up, they didn't show up." Later Dan admitted that the early start time did not play well with him either. "I hate early mornings. I hate them in a big, ugly way." Still, starting early is the best way to avoid line ups for roller coasters, and sacrifices have to be made in the name of fun.

The Links are a group of approximately thirty second-year students who ease first-year students into university life. To this end they worked hard to sell this trip to the student body. An ambitious poster blitz, combined with door to door endorsements and word of mouth, sold ninety-five tickets to both campus residents and nonresident students. Each ticket cost $25, twenty-one going towards the Park entrance fee and four more defraying the cost of the buses. Anyone who wished to use their season pass or their own car was excluded from the appropriate portion of the price.

Unlike high-school trips to the zoo, museum, or art gallery, students were not required to stay together. The only coordinated effort to involve everyone was an attempt to fill one of the Top Gun trains entirely with UTSC students. The group moved from the two buses, through the gates, and descended en masse into the Top Gun line up, easily filling a train with overflow into the preceding and following cars. Veterans of Frosh week chanted, "Attitude Check One: Scarborough!" much to the surprise of park staff, other visitors, and students who were without the benefit of a cup of coffee.

Ninety-five students broke into three and four person groups, quickly scattering across the park, running into each other for meals and rides. Cell phones kept friends in touch, and people recognized one another by their U of T gear. Several students took to screaming, "Scarborough!" From the pinnacle of each rollercoaster.

The bonds between Links and frosh are still strong; Nick Hermann caught his Link, Chris Bourque, in a bear hug, and then cursed a blue streak upon finding that he had dried off from his four consecutive runs through the Timber Wolf Falls water ride. He later explained his motivation, "I wanted to soak my Link. The general opinion in our house is that he's all wet." The only comment Chris wanted to put on the record was, "Whoa. That's intense."

There were other interesting cases over the course of the day; due to a previous gambling commitment, Tom Walker did not show up until 2:00 p.m.. Despite having only three hours before the buses departed, Tom still managed to ride five rollercoasters and eat an overpriced lunch. When this was pointed out to him, his boisterous reply was, "That's true. I rule."

Another example of an out of the ordinary way to pass the day can be found in the actions of Mike Scott, President of the Scarborough Computer Science Association. Mike took the advice of a knowledgeable friend and chose to read James Clavell's opus, Shogun, while waiting in line for rides. "It's not bad so far." He shrugged, when asked how the book was turning out. "It's kind of hard getting serious reading done."

A final window into the day's fun can be found with Nick Hermann and Chris Warmington's antics. Nick said, "It was Shannon's first visit to an amusement park, so we were trying to freak her out. We'd say, oh, only two guys ever died on this one." The two laugh. A fond memory has been born.

The day ended at five, though those who wished to stay longer could do so on the understanding that transportation home would be their own problem. The same crowd of people, exhausted at nine and now further drained at five, gathered on the grass beneath a street light. Asking froshies how they enjoyed the day produced a mixed bag of answers. Stephanie Bird of International Studies said, "I feel sick." Eli Purchase gave a silent and exhausted thumbs up. He later found the strength to add. "I won't be doing much drinking tonight."

The crowd grew irritable as it became clear that Dan Savoie, the man who told them to show up at nine, instead of nine-thirty, eight hours earlier, was about to be late getting back to the bus-stop. Nick Hermann slapped the palm of his hand with his midway prize. "If Dan the Don is late, I'm going to club him over the head with a [stuffed toy] duck's ass." When Dan arrived, one minute and six seconds after five, he was soundly struck twice with a yellow plush toy named Buckwheat.

As for Dan himself, he told Heather Marshall, "I had a great day." Nick Hermann waved good-bye to the park, saying "Adios, Wonderland." As the bus left the parking lot and the phony mountain fell away into the distance, Chris Warmington voiced the general sentiment, "That was a great day."

Rebooting Computer Science at Scarborough

Chet Tolstoy

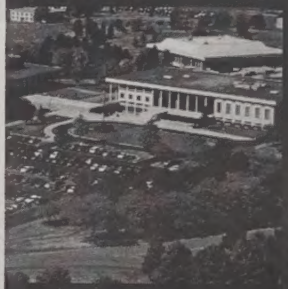
The Computer Science community at this campus is not a closely knit community. When you think of Computer Science students, people assume the worst; nerds that spend all their time on their computers, mastering Windows 2000 and playing Counterstrike. What is even worse is what they think of the curriculum. Computer Science does not garnish enough respect from the rest of the students. When people say they are taking Computer Science at University, they mostly get this response: "Good… Now you can help me fix my computer". This is not the case at all. The required mathematics and statistic courses make the Computer Science curriculum very challenging. Nonetheless, Computer Science students do not seem to be discouraged by the community's misconceptions, as they are well aware that their reward is waiting after graduation.

Despite the apparent "competition" between Computer Science students, there are still plenty of people who are willing to make friends, network and share ideas. However, it is very difficult to do this when most people are dashing out of their classes to go home. What Computer Science students need is a unified body if they wish to interact. Comp. Sci. students at Erindale have their own club; the St. George campus has an official student union for their programme. The Scarborough campus, on the other hand, has very little. The now defunct Computer Science Club that resides within the school is more or less a ghost. Most of its executives graduated last spring without re-staffing their club for this year.

This disunity has prompted the resurrection of the Computer Science Club. Having an academic club for a programme brings all sorts of benefits to its students. It provides a forum for students to meet each other and their professors. Two second year Computer Science students, Michael Scott and Andrew Paranczuk (with collaboration from some of the graduated executives of the former club) have managed to breathe new life into the Computer Science Club. The club is now known as the **Scarborough Computer Science Association** and the two are quickly working to recruit members to get the club up and running. The SCSA was formed this past week, after the pair learned that there was no one running the club this year. The club will have to play catch-up if it wants to succeed in its first year. Vice President Andrew Paranczuk says, "We are literally building from the ground up. We have to rebuild everything the old club had, and surpass it. We have to reestablish links with the professors, the Computer Science division and, most importantly, the students."

Although it seems difficult, the two are grateful for the support they are receiving. Andrew adds, "We appreciate all who are willing to help. Some students are really into the idea, and we really appreciate that the former executives are willing to help." In fact, two students who graduated last year, Peter Rogers and Greg Czyzykowski are willing to contribute as much as they can. "It's great to have Greg and Peter helping out. Since they've gone through the entire program, their experience and knowledge is a great asset to the club and its members". The SCSA has many great ideas they are willing to put forward. "We want to have as much as fun as all the other clubs out there… maybe more," Michael adds. The SCSA plans on holding movie nights, guest speakers from corporations, gaming tournaments and counseling sections to help struggling programmers.

For more information, or to join the resurrection of computer science oriented activities on campus, contact the Scarborough Computer Science Association at their brand new website at http://www.utsc.utoronto.ca/~scsa.



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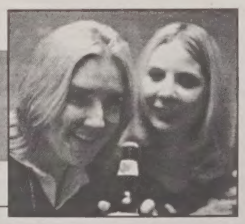

Nocturnal Street Whores On Rez

Julie "The Carebear" Harper &
Sophie "Braveheart" Nicholson w/ guest
writers C. Schultz and A. Mitoulas

O.K. Here's the deal... This is a collaborative article that includes opinions of those interviewed, the whole process having required three boxes of Kleenex to complete the re-telling these tales of woe- PSYCH! (The opinions expressed in the following article are those of the participants and do not necessarily reflect those of the general student body. However, they do they reflect those opinions of the Nocturnal Street Whores.)

Are you sick of telling your boyfriend that he is " Out faster than free beer at a frat party"? Follow these twelve scenarios and decide on the perfect termination for that not-so-perfect relationship, that needs to be over, like, now.

1. ""The Call-Answer (Answering Machine Optional) Method"".

For those of you who cower behind the receiver of a phone, this technique might suit you best. Important note: you should purchase call display so you never have to deal with his endless babble of ""Why, Why and Why""? This method might seem spineless, but it will free up your time and besides that you're already receiving phone calls from your new 'special friend'.

2. ""The Kick to the Curb"".

This procedure should only be implemented in extreme circumstances such as: no jewelry, jealousy, lack of coitus and general Asshole-ness. Step 1: Collect all clothing and personal items (only the ones you don't want!) of this foul dribbling fool and proceed to toss them out the window to the Curb - hence the title. Step 2: Gather as many people as possible to laugh and ridicule him, until such a time as he is belittled and totally pitiful. Bonus points for tears.

Note: Beware of the knee and carefully stretch before vigorous tossing.

3. ""The No Show"".

Like the "Baby on the door-step routine", this involves little to no contact with your soon to be Ex. You get a dirty worn-out box, fill it full of your man's belongings, go to his place, ring his doorbell and leave; make sure to leave that all important "Dear Jon" note explaining your decision to split, and the fact that you have recently taken out a restraining order on him - the sick fuck. So STAY AWAY!

4. ""The Triple-Play"".

This procedure must take place on a weekend to be effective. You start out with a phone call inviting him out for a night on the town. Please be sincere and seductive, as this will make the sting of the break-up last longer. Let him know you will meet him at a particular nightclub. The catch is you show-up with your next unsuspecting victim. When you introduce them to one another, your now ex is bound to get the idea and bounce (meaning leave).

5. ""The Romp and Stomp"".

"He is so dumb.....But fuck he has a nice body. I mean hey! He's the best lay I've ever had". What to do, what to do, what to do? Follow these simple easy steps: Step 1: Purchase Dildo. Step 2: Have crazy sex and let him 'fuck your brains out'. Step 3: Okay..... Say: You're great, but I don't think we have much in common (translation: You're a blundering idiot and I only stayed with you for your 'technique'). Step 4: Break out the dildo and find an even better replacement. Note # 1. Call him by an Ex's name while you climax. Note # 2. If you do not find a good enough replacement, use him for casual sex.

6. "Convert - to a Nun that is".

Reach an epiphany about God? Want to get down and religious? Well regardless of your answers, use them to lull your man into thinking that you are joining the Convent. It's a simple equation: No Sex = It's Over. You'll never hear from him again and the world will make sense once.

7. " Reverse Psychology Method":

For those in drama this will come easier than for others, with the exception of those with natural talent. So you've acted innocent all throughout your relationship, now its time to unleash the freak inside. First purchase a pair of fishnet stockings, a short, black, leather mini-skirt, and a dog collar with spikes. Gel-up your ever kewl blue hair and wear your new attire for a night out with his folks. Inform them of your spanking fetish fulfilled by their son's drive for perfection. Your momma's boy will be left speechless and disgraced, but have enough air to say, " We should see other people". This takes both blame and stress off your hands and out of the bedroom.

8. ""Ooops.....I did it Again"":

Regardless of the authenticity of any one of the preceding statements, and your bond or lack thereof with your ex(s) you can use them to terminate the relationship: A) First ask him what his plans are for next Friday, because you have an appointment at 'The Clinic'. This will send off retreat signals in his head. B) Say "I am late, but its not your fault - Get it?" C) "I've been to the Doctor., it's confirmed, but don't freak; it's not yours". D) "Will you come with me to the clinic, or should I call the father?" All of these are suitable to use. He will understand and leave. Note: Actual pregnancy is optional. For the purposes of this scenario it is used as a boy deterrent.

9. "Not the Man I thought you were/ I still have feelings for my Ex":

Walk up to your guy and say, " I thought you were a man. I thought you had a spine, but it turns out I was wrong. You are a fucking coward who bends over backwards for everyone. And on top of that you didn't hit my 'soft spot' - Powerful you were not!" Or tell him, " Honey I am sorry but my Ex was suppose to be in for 10-15 years, but got early parole. I thought it was over, but have you ever seen a man coming out of jail? They have nothing else to do but work-out-Understand?"

10. "The Houdini":

The easiest technique of them all is avoidance. Act as though you have dropped off the face of the earth - at least as far as your man is concerned. Just don't respond to any contact/communications, etc... "Do you hear anything? I think not". Yes. Now you understand.

11. " STD for you and me":

We are well aware that it is not funny or amusing to joke about STDs as they affect millions of people worldwide, however this is a last resort sorta thing. What you do is get a close friend of yours to phone your guy pretending to be the 'Health Office'. Tell them to ask your boy- who by this point is nervous- 'Whether he has been sexually active, with you, in the past 6 months'. Remember to avoid laughter. He will eventually make his way to his General Practitioner and seeing that he is STD free will avoid you like the plague. Honestly do you really want him singing "Benny and the Clap, Clap, Clap". This verse is a take-off of Benny and the Jets by Elton John. Note: In order for this to work, you must be STD free.

12. " The Sting":

The key to this is your buddy's acting ability, so follow these steps carefully. Step 1: Pre-arrange with a friend to jump in and make out with the guy in question. Step 2: Ask the guy to come over to your residence room. Step 3: Strategically place your housemate in the living room with your boyfriend, and tell him you are going to the washroom. Step 4: During the time away your friend will kiss your man and you will 'accidentally' walk in on them. Step 5: Take your friends side and kick his ass out. I mean how could he make out with another girl, let alone your housemate and friend? Disclaimer: None of the preceding situations have actually occurred. Well that is what we wanted you to think, but this is all personal experience. How else could we know?

Our weekly words of wisdom: When your boy's in a huff. Get him to lick your muff (safety first, think dental dam).

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rants

When last week's issue of the Underground came out, we were contacted by a number of people who wanted to write columns, and not just any kind of columns either. They all wanted to write ***Rant Columns***. We haven't got the faintest idea what these people want to go on at length about... but we've decided to feature two angry, bile-ridden diatribes here this week.

Over the next couple of issues, we will feature more ranting students (maybe even a ranting faculty-member if we can find one) and at the end of it all we will select two columnists to write rant columns on a bi-weekly basis (with the help of your feedback, dear readers.)

Have you got something to get off your chest? Send us your Rant Column now, before we choose someone else!

mail to: **undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca**

- The Editorial Board

What's Wrong with the World!?

a rant, by Alison Maier

I saw the add for new columnists in the paper and after the shock of realizing that Scarborough Campus had a paper wore off, I realized that even though I'm not an angry feminist, I still have something to offer. I have been keeping this "something" a secret for a while now, but I think it's time to let the world know. You see, I was born all knowing. That's right, I was born with the gift of being right about everything. I compare it to the way that Martha Stewart can answer any question thrown at her, even if it is sometimes the fifth amendment. I can always tell you exactly what's wrong with world, and sure some might say that's just being opinionated, but the difference is that I'm always right. I hope that you sense some sarcasm here, because if you don't you probably won't enjoy my articles, but hey you can't please everyone. So I invite you to come along with me on a journey of cathartic complaining; who knows along the way we might even find some solutions, but don't hold out too much hope!

Hey! I'm talking to you. Yes you, the one slowly meandering through the hall stopping every five metres to discuss the premiere of Friends with that life long friend you met two days ago. Please don't get me wrong, it's not that I don't care about the fate of Rachel's life, I just wish that you people would move to the side to debate such matters. This way, people who are foolishly rushing to class, appointments or just do not wish to walk at the pace of Abraham threw the desert, can get were they're going without aggravation. Unfortunately this phenomenon is not merely confined to the hallways of the world. No, I'm sorry to say that it appears in malls, on sidewalks and who could ignore those Sunday drivers who live in the left lane? Wherever there are people in a hurry, you can rest assured that there will be three people leisurely walking abreast of one another right next to that old lady with the walker.

Why just the other day as I was waiting for a ride in the circular drive of our own distinguished institution I was witness to such an event. I watched as cars had to pull moves that rivaled those of Vin Diesel in The Fast and the Furious to avoid two girls standing in the middle of the driveway discussing the line up at the book store. Now I must agree that I too think that the line ups were far too long, especially for someone as impatient as me, but this discussion could have been just as meaningful five metres to their right, on the path. I think that the worst part of this rampant problem is that the offenders are clue less. They are so self absorbed that they don't seem to realize that their actions are effecting many around them. For example the above two girls just kept nattering, not knowing how many times they were close to be road kill. They didn't move until their conversation was done. It didn't matter that fifty cars were inconvenienced in the process, what
mattered is that they did what they wanted. So please, let's try and make life a little easier for everyone by just "pulling" over when something more than "hi" needs to be said. Because, after all we all know how important your new pair of shoes is, just not as long as it holds me up.

i don't have a name, just a number.

a rant, by reena sirohi

passing by with their vacant eyes and brains stuffed full to capacity. desperately trying to retain all of the floating words they just grabbed from the air... from the mouths of the wise ones. it's necessary, to obtain the right numbers, the ones that will get them to the next level (on the right path to where they need to be where you say they need to be). write, highlight, underline, tape record, download, ask, read, read read read, but how can i do more? i need to do more. i have a goal. i will become your version of an important human being. mission, only one thing in mind and that is to succeed. life isn't life anymore, it's just an accomplishment waiting to happen. one that must be attained even if it may drain out your soul, your character, your curious innocent mind. push aside your thoughts and feelings, void yourself of all emotion, forget your fucking name, because you're nobody until you have the right position/career/house/car. never let yourself remember who you once where, but only what you will be. that high rank in society, that pride, that feeling of respect. knowing that all that you have acquired makes those around you accept you (since acceptance is obviously the most important thing in this world of ours). let's make a trade, i'll give you all of the knowledge in the world if you let me suck out your personality? that is what you're here for isn't it? (hi my name is 991000144 and i'm here to become important).

alone amongst the scholars, i think i'd rather live and feel and experience, than join the mindless drone. i'd rather step outside of the lines. i'd rather separate from the crowd. i want to be special too, i want to be important just like everyone else does, but i still want to be me when - if - i get there. is this how it's supposed to be? i watch you walk down the hallways with your books in your hand, the empty look in your eyes. i watch you learn, and it scares me. you are becoming more and more like a textbook, rather than a human. is there anything beyond the information you are storing? are there people in those eyes anymore? because you're making me sad... please just stop and breathe.

problem-solvers

problem-solvers

So you got a problem?

UPSI is Sachin Hingoo, Katie Pettit and Chris McKinnon

Each week, here at the Underground, the UTSC Problem Solving Initiative will take some time out of their busy schedules to extricate you from any problems that you, the average student or faculty member are too stupid (or ignorant!) to solve yourself. Our expert team will provide advice and we'll print the answers right here for everyone to see (don't worry, we won't print your name).

So if you have a problem, some query, quandary, or pickle of any kind, please send it to: *make_it_stop@baldandsexy.com*. (by the way, this is a real address and we encourage any feedback or, as we said, problems you might have).

Dear UPSI,
I'm having an awful time in residence at UTSC. My housemates hate me, and I'm having a really hard time meeting anyone new. Is there anything I can do?
"Frieda"

Dear Frieda,

Living on residence can be a very frustrating, but potentially fantastic and genuinely rewarding experience if you go about it the right way and have the right attitude. Now let's look at this situation closely. We don't think you'd be having so much of a problem "meeting" people if you were just putting out more. Yeah, you heard us. Your housemates don't like you anyways, right? So you don't really have a lot to worry about in terms of waking them up in the middle of the night with the sound of moaning coming from your room, not to mention the rhythmic (some might say 'soothing') sound of your head banging against the wall. I believe it was Ice Cube who said it best: "You can do it, put your ass into it."

Put your ass into it. Profound words. But make sure you put a vest on that jimmy!

UPSI

Dear UPSI,
If you guys are so smart, what are your thoughts on organized religion?
"Steve"

Dear Steve,

Our thoughts, to summarize, are this:

Organize the FUCK off my lawn. People are starting to stare.

UPSI

Dear UPSI,
Help! My baby is playing with a toaster! IN THE BATHTUB!
Mommy Dearest

Dear Mommy,

First thing: Calm down. That "desperate parent" thing worked fine, and to hilarious ends in "Three Men and a Baby", but this is real life dammit, so get yourself together!

You need to lay down some ground rules from the get-go. You are letting your child walk all over you, and it has to stop. Any advice columnist will tell you that your child needs clear boundaries, and discipline. For once we agree. Lay down the law early on, so that the kid knows "who's the boss", and doesn't go around thinking that s/he can do whatever s/he wants without consequence.

By the way, what's that burning smell?

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diversions

diversions

by
Kelly Lisle
(with illustration
by Ayshia Degia)

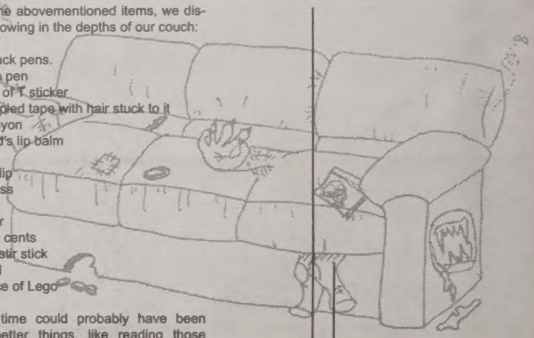
This week dear readers, I was a busy little bee. It seems taking four English courses in one semester is beginning to catch up with me and I am up to my ears in "required readings". Somehow though, I manage to remain a master of wasting time and procrastinating, so all I accomplished by Friday, the deadline for the submission of this column, was a few of the more fun sounding "optional readings" and the recruiting of my housemate Ayshia Degia to what I shall now call *team diversion*. She was enthusiastic to join, and will be an asset to everyone's diversionary fun. But that's not what this weeks column is about. This week we will be discussing the joys of treasure hunting in the comfort of your own home. (Get those thoughts out of your head, the dirty word search is over!)

Friday morning I found myself sitting in the living room wondering what sort of excitement I could pull together to distract you all from your more scholarly pursuits. The more time passed, the blanker my mind became, until, almost unconsciously, my hands slipped into that dark scary region of the couch, between the seat of the couch, and the back of it. I felt something. Not one of those internal, emotional feelings, but an actual physical object, lodged in the depths of the couch. Bravely, I pulled the object into the light. It was a caramilk bar! Melted all to shit, and in a somewhat random shape, but a foil wrapped, never-been-opened Caramilk bar just the same. This excited me more than anyone could possibly understand, but better yet, it sparked my curiosity...What else was hidden in the depths of the couch? And so began the Great Treasure Hunt of 2002.

I reached in again, and before I knew it, my hand came across another treasure. It was a pillowcase, one that had been missing in action for quite some time, and was actually presumed stolen.

Next I discovered a random black sock. Then I found a neatly rolled up pair of black socks. And then I found two more black socks, bringing the grand total to two and a half pairs of black socks. Reaching my hand between cushions had never before proven so lucrative. By this time the excitement level in the house had risen exponentially. Ayshia joined me in the search of the couch, and together we spent a great deal of time reaching between the cushions, speculating how those 'treasures' got into our couch, and who they could possibly have belong to, since clearly (with the exception of the pillowcase and the socks) none of it belonged to us...

Including the abovementioned items, we discovered the following in the depths of our couch:



- three (3) black pens.
- one (1) blue pen
- crumpled U of T sticker
- lots of crumpled tape with hair stuck to it
- a yellow crayon
- ex-boyfriend's lip balm
- thumbtack
- pink paperclip
- piece of grass
- marijuana
- rolling paper
- sixteen (16) cents
- chewed up stir stick
- elastic band
- one (1) piece of Lego

While our time could probably have been spent doing better things, like reading those required readings (or in my case, actually going to class,) we were more than pleased to divert ourselves with our at-home treasure hunt. We imagine that many of you would be too. So, the next time you get bored at home on a rainy day, and are feeling brave about who has been sitting on your couch lately, we implore you to go on an in-home treasure hunt. It could prove thrilling, and it will surely take up a bunch of your precious time. And that is what this is really all about.

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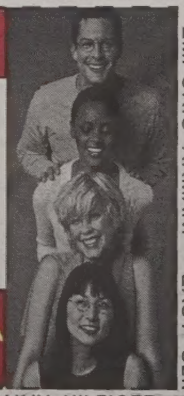

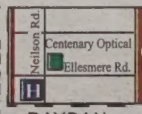

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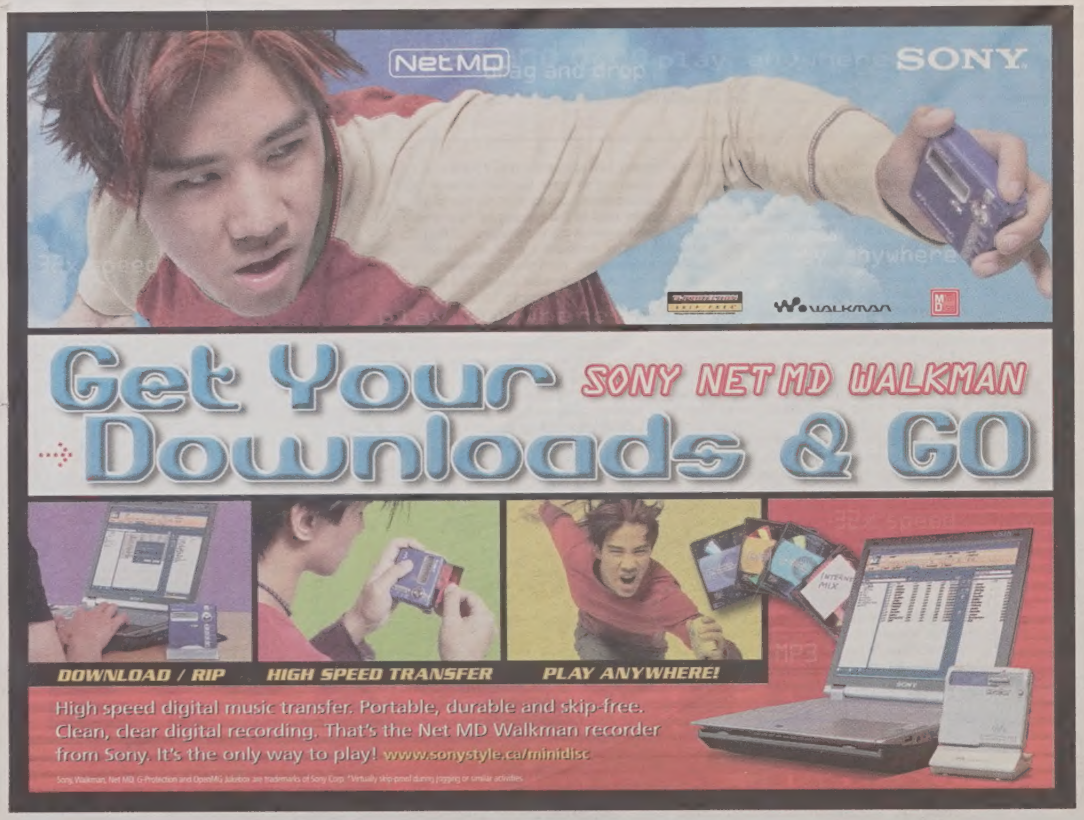

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